

**TERMS.**  
Single copy, per year, in advance, \$1.50  
Paid within the year, 900  
Town subscribers will be charged \$1.75. The difference in the terms between the price on papers delivered into town and those sent by mail, is occasioned by the expense of carrying.  
How to drive a Paper.—First, that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the Post Master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher, under his frank, (as he is authorized to do) of your wish to discontinue.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square—13 lines—first insertion, \$1.00  
Do each additional insertion, 25  
Do Three months, 3.00  
Do Six months, 5.00  
Do One year, 8.00  
Two squares—26 lines—first insertion, 1.50  
Do each additional insertion, 37  
Do Three months, 4.50  
Do Six months, 7.50  
Do One year, 11.00  
Half column One year, 18.00  
One column One year, 30.00

# Business Directory.

## FREMONT JOURNAL JOB PRINTING OFFICE:

We are now prepared to execute in order, in a neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest terms, almost all descriptions of

## JOB PRINTING; SUCH AS

BUSINESS CARDS, CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS, LABELS, SHOW BILLS, INVOCES, BLANKS, LAWYER'S BLANKS, MANIFESTS.

We would say to those of our friends who are in want of such work, you need not go abroad to get it done, when it can be done just as well at home.

**L. O. O. F.**  
CROOKED LODGE, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Buckland's Brick Building, every Saturday evening.

**PEASE & ROBERTS,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Copper, Tin, and Sheet-iron Ware,  
AND IRON  
Stoves, Wool, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,  
Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS  
**Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.**  
FREMONT, OHIO.

**STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,**  
DEALERS IN  
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs,  
Books, Stationery, &c., &c.  
FREMONT, OHIO.

**GEORGE W. GLICK,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
FREMONT, OHIO.  
Office—One door east of A. B. Taylor's Store.  
July 19, 1851.

**BUCKLAND & EVERETT,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
And Solicitors in Chancery.  
WILL attend to Professional business and Land Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.  
Office 3d Story Buckland's Block, Fremont.  
R. P. BUCKLAND. [HONOR. EVERETT.  
January 1st, 1852.

**DICKINSON & HAYNES,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office the same heretofore occupied by Hon. L. B. Olin, in Buckland's Block.  
E. F. DICKINSON. Geo. R. HAYNES.  
Fremont Dec. 13, 1851.

**CHESTER EDGERTON,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in his and adjoining counties.  
Office—Second story Buckland's Block.  
FREMONT, OHIO.

**FREMONT HOUSE;  
AND GENERAL  
STAGE OFFICE:**  
FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O.  
WM. KESSLER, Proprietor.

**MR. KESSLER,** announces to the Traveling Public that he has returned to the above well known stand, and is now prepared to accommodate in the best manner, all who may favor him with their patronage.  
No effort will be spared to promote the comfort and convenience of Guests.  
If Good Stabling and careful Outbreaks attendence.  
Fremont, November 24, 1849—26

**GREENE & MUGG,**  
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,  
Will give their undivided attention to professional business entrusted to their care in Sandusky and adjoining counties.  
Office—In the second story of Buckland's Block.  
FREMONT, OHIO.

**DENTISTRY.**  
L. D. Parker Surgeon Dentist.  
RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, gold or silver plate, done in the neatest manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his aid in any branch of the profession.  
Lithium Ether administered, and teeth extracted without pain, if desired.  
Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Rice's office.  
Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

**PORTAGE COUNTY  
Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.  
FREMONT, OHIO.

**DR. R. S. RICE.**  
Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.  
Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, opposite Deal's new building.  
Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

**Eclectic Physicians.**  
DOCTORS Wm. W. Karsner & Wm. H. Kneppel.—Office: South East corner of Pike and Front Streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to Professional calls.  
Fremont, July 24th, 1852.—1y.

**HENRY HOLMES TREADWAY,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Clyde, Sandusky county, O  
October 16th, 1852.

**HEATON & WARD,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
FREMONT, OHIO.  
J. A. WARD.

# FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, MARCH 5, 1853.

NUMBER 6.

## VOLUME I.

### Portical.

For the Journal.

### A Picture of Memory.

BY JENNIE.

"Roll back the tide of time—  
And raise the buried forms of other years"

I stood on earth's remotest shore,  
The billows rose in their graves,  
Urged on by every new year more,  
And seek the flood, eternity.  
Roll back cried I the heading tide,  
I'd see the forms I surges hide.

Pale memory sadly raised her wand,  
In answer to my earnest prayer,  
The dark waves back again returned,  
But hope's soft light was seen no there.  
How dark the scene that met my sight,  
Where hope had ceased to shed her light.

Back rolled the tide, wave after wave,  
That dimly gleamed in human gore—  
But ah! each wreck was in their graves,  
And no more again may leave their shore,  
And we'll not lift oblivion pall,  
Where Empires, thrones or patriots fall.

Earth's Vultures—Famine, Fire and Sword,  
O'er every age their vigils keep—  
To find a kindred life beside,  
And Oh! the ghastly food beside.  
That followed where contagion swept,  
But on these my muse thou may'st not dwell.  
For a humble tale is thine to tell.

A lowly theme but not less sad,  
Is that of orphanage bereft  
In that lost hour were millions clad,  
With sorrow, infancy and death—  
Where first the founts of feeling flow,  
The heart is stamped for joy or woe.

There is a depth in human love,  
That finds earth no where its kin;  
'Tis to scan all heaven's heav'n above  
To find a kindred life within.  
So wild the waves of passion roll,  
Moved by the hunger of the soul.

Ah! ye who merely know by name,  
The power of passion on the heart,  
Ye feebly judge by candle flame,  
What volumes Eternity may start.  
The burning soul is a fearful thing,  
More fleet—more wild than the tempest wing.

I saw the child when first he knew,  
Himself alone, his ill above—  
He sought so earnest, long and true,  
The love from him forever gone.  
His lonely heart did so much need,  
Some friend to love, some friend to heed;

But childhood's trace had scarcely gone,  
Till he the fatal knowledge found,  
The world, the friends he loved alone,  
And are by wealth and pleasure bound,  
The bright that came so early hours,  
Had in contempt, in his dark hours.

Then followed little deeds of wrong,  
The first forebodings of despair,  
With them came the unthinking throng,  
Whose enures leaves no mercy there  
O'er so strange the world will show  
No love, where they no interest know.

At length a highway murderer band  
New hailed him welcome to their home  
They met him with a brother hand  
And the wanderer stood no more alone  
The seeds of good that chance had given  
Were from his heart forever given.

When next the waves brought him to sight  
His hands were dyed in human gore  
The prison walls shut out the light  
And the garb of death his future wore  
He went once more as when a child,  
Then cursed the world and frantic smiled.

I saw him mount the gallows' stair  
E'en then a noble wreck of youth  
He clutched his hat he looked so far  
He seemed the very phase of truth  
I heard the crowd in measured lays  
Talk loud and long of virtue's ways.

Heard them talk of his hardened heart  
Whose innocent thoughts they never knew  
And tell how dark had been his part  
In life's sad tragedy so true.  
The Pharisee cried villain die  
You must not live among men like I.

There are some hearts of medium hue  
Who never knew life's wild extremes  
And can't tell the difference between  
Of sin's whole depth they never dream  
Such well may lead a tranquil life  
There's naught within them prompts to strife.

How can they each as Christians greet  
Go love what's in the line of duty  
When each one strives for mastery,  
And see if thou canst set their bound  
By constant rule thou hast found.

Hast thou not seen the tranquil wave  
Like an infant sleeping  
Then like a man with wildly rare  
By storm tremulous leaping  
Then has thou thought the human heart  
Is very striking counterpart?

Hast thou not seen the little cloud  
Best like a dove in breast of sky  
In life's sea the line of duty  
When wakened by the winds of heaven?  
Dispel not then the soul's dark drear  
By cruel hate from hope and love's

If thou must needs thy brother harm  
First learn how warm his heart may be  
How high his aspirations run  
And then remember charity.  
Dispel him not but take his hand  
And point him to that better Land.

### Miscellaneous.

Translated from the Russian.

### The Left Eye.

A CALMUS TALE.

A rich man who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of which named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as extraordinary wisdom.

One morning, as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them with his return.

The two oldest asked him for trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no presents, but that she had a request to make which would be difficult, and even dangerous, for him to execute.

Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish though it were at the price of his life.—'If it be so,' replied Kookju, 'I beg you to do as follows: sell your cattle, except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chan's left eye.' The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked for the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ears of Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him to use no such offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the

Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter; of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden in this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man under the condition that he must bring that daughter who made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked, 'Why dost thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?'

'Because I expected, my Prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me.'

'And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?'

'I wish to tell thee a truth, important to thyself and thy people.'

'Name it?'

'Princes,' replied Kookju, 'when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and the noble generally stand on thy right hand, while the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude, that thou most frequently favored the noble and the rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy left eye—it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected.'

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened and the Princess, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceeding was the effect of malice or wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top. Kookju soon threw it into the water and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton, and on seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she judged that the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the Court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan; his vanity was hurt, and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He, therefore, ordered her before him and asked—

'On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?'

'She,' replied Kookju who instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches.

The Chan then led her to a fence, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over; and Kookju said to cross it would be the farthest, going around nearest. The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies; and after having reflected for some time, he again inquired—

'Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?'

'By assisting many that are unknown.'

'Which is the safest means of leading a virtuous life?'

'To begin every morning with prayer and conclude every evening with some good action.'

'Who is truly wise?'

'He who does not believe himself so.'

'Which are the requisites for a good wife?'

'She should be beautiful as a pea-hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings.'

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he had found the means for attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice and to admit that she intended as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food for four days. On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him, and said 'Confess, O Chan that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!' The Chan was so struck with the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her continually to use his left eye.

### Cold Friday.—1810.

The 19th of January, 1810, was a day the intense coldness of which will be long remembered by those who experienced its rigor. Those who were not out of doors, but had reached an age rendering them capable of retaining impression then received, have doubtless a recollection of occurrences taking place around them. The evening previous was as mild as those we have been favored with in such numbers this winter; but in the night the wind changed, the weather suddenly became cold, and the mercury in less than 16 hours descended to 17 degrees below zero. A boisterous wind prevailed, by which trees, and in some cases houses, were blown down, and the day became memorable in New England as the "Cold Friday." Here, in Concord, so near as our recollection serves, there was very little going from place to place. Farmers piled on the wood, and attended to their cattle, and that was about all for the day. In this village, such as went to a neighbor's or to a store, upon errands which could not be deferred, sped the ground like squirrels, and were fortunate if they returned with no flesh frozen by the intensity of the frost.

From Vol. V. of the New Hampshire Historical Society's collections, the following account is taken of an occurrence on that day in the town of Sanborn:

"On Friday morning, the 19th of January, Mr. Jeremiah Ellsworth, of Sanborn, finding the cold very severe, rose about an hour before sunrise. It was but a short time before some part of his house was burst in the wind. Being apprehensive that the whole

house would soon be demolished, and that the lives of the family were in great jeopardy, Mrs. Ellsworth with her youngest child, whom she had dressed, went into the cellar, leaving the other two children in bed. Her husband undertook to go to the nearest neighbor, which was in a north direction, for assistance, but the wind was so strong against him that he found it impracticable. He then set out for Mr. David Brown's, the nearest house in another direction, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. He reached there about sunrise, his feet being considerably frozen, and he so overcome with the cold that both he and Mr. Brown thought it too hazardous for him to return. Mr. Brown went with his horse and sleigh, with all possible speed, to save the woman and her children from impending destruction.

When he arrived at the house he found Mrs. Ellsworth and one child in the cellar, and the other children in bed, their clothes having been blown away by the wind, so that they could not be dressed. Mr. Brown put a bed into the sleigh, and placed the three children upon it, and covered them with the bedclothes. They had proceeded only six or eight rods before the sleigh was blown over, and the children were scattered by the wind. Mrs. Ellsworth held the horse, while Mr. Brown collected the children and bed, and placed them in the sleigh again. She then concluded to walk, but before she reached Mr. Brown's house she was so benumbed by the cold that she sunk down to the ground, finding it impossible to walk any further. At first she concluded she must perish; but stimulated by a hope of escape, she made another effort, by crawling on her hands and knees, in which manner she reached her husband, and so altered in her looks that he did not at first know her. His anxiety for his children led him twice to conclude to go to their assistance; but the earnest importunities of his wife, who supposed he would perish, and that she should survive but a short time, prevented him.

Mr. Brown, having placed the children in the sleigh a second time, had proceeded but a few rods, when the sleigh was blown over and torn to pieces, and the children driven to some distance. He then collected them once more, laid them on the bed, and covered them, and then called for help, but to no purpose; knowing that the children must soon perish in that situation, and being pierced to the heart by their distressing shrieks, he wrapped them all in a coverlet, and attempted to carry them on his shoulder, but was soon blown down, and the children separated from him by the violence of the wind.

Finding it impossible to carry them all, he left the youngest, the one who happened to be dressed, placing it by the side of a large log. He then attempted to carry the other two, but was soon stopped as before. He then took them one under each arm, with no other clothing than their shirts, and in this way, although blown down every few rods, he arrived at his house, after being absent about two hours. The children, though frozen stiff, were alive, but died within a few minutes. Mr. Brown's hands and feet were badly frozen, and he was so much chilled and exhausted as to be unable to return for the child left behind.

The wind continued its severity, and no neighbor called until the afternoon, when there was every reason to believe the child left was dead. Towards sunset a physician and some other neighbors arrived, several of whom went in search of the other child, which was found and brought in dead. The lives of the parents were saved, but they were left childless.

Mr. Brown, we are informed by a gentleman of Sanborn, lived until a few years ago, but never recovered from the effects of that day. He became nearly or quite blind, and continued thus as long as he lived.—N. H. Statesman.

### Extreme Uction.

OR, THE HORSE JOCKEY'S SPIRITUAL ADVISER.

A noted horse jockey in Cincinnati, who had by his profound knowledge of Horology and various arts and sciences 'adjacent thereto' accumulated a considerable property, was a great hypochondriac, and exaggerated every slight disorder that attacked him into a dangerous disease. Some of his neighbors were uncharitable enough to assert that his conscience made him tremble at the slightest menace of death. It is certain that whenever he was laid upon his bed with sickness, he began straightway to talk aloud of his approaching dissolution, and bore his friend and relations with querulous complaints. Once when sick, an old confederate who had traveled with him and aided him in spoiling the Egyptians in every county in the State, called on him. This friend comprehended the nature of his complaint at once and requested the family to allow him to manage matters in his own way a day or two. He changed the tactics which others had previously employed and, instead of prophesying smooth things, he out-Heroded Herod in croaking him a dying man.

He called on him the second day about noon, and taking his sick friend's wrists between his fingers, he shook his head and mourned, 'poor fellow, it will soon be over.'

'This is hard, Sam,' said the sick professor of Horology, and he groaned in great bitterness of spirit.

'Hard enough,' said Sam, 'just as you've got this nice farm paid for. Your boy'll raise the devil with it when you are gone.'

'Oh—Oh!'

'What's the matter?'

'Oh, such a pain shot through me!'

'Hain't you got something on your mind that you want to say—pretty soon? That last horse you sold for a cult was as old as a man, you know.'

'Oh, no Sam, I've nothing to say—that is I've got so much to say, that it's no use to try.'

'Sam!'

'What?'

'Can't you—can't you pray for me.'

'Well, it's something that ought to be done and I think I'll try.'

Sam knelt down and the sick one covered

his head with the blanket and fairly writhed in agony of soul. Sam began keeping one corner of an eye upon the bed.

'Oh Lord thy servant that's now lying sick on the bed, having burnt out the candle of life in the service of the devil, (groans from the blanket) in his maker's face (sick on peeps out.) Here lies a broken down nag, spavined, ring boned and heavy, and thou knowest that he has raised the hardest colts in this neighborhood.—(Blanket jerked down convulsively.) Thou knowest Lord, that he has been one of the greatest liars, (heightened color in the sick man's face,) and cheats, (first doubled under the blanket,) and the d—dest horse jockey, that ever trotted over thy footstool.'

'It's an infernal lie, you scoundrel!' said the reviving patient. 'You're a cursed sight worse than ever I could be!' and he leaped from the bed. 'You cheated me twice yourself you cursed hypocrite!' roared the furious invalid—and he fairly turned his friend out of doors.

This horse jockey was abroad the next day and soon commenced sending his boys to school, and soon resuming his own manner of life. He was changed from the very hour the prayer at his bedside, and lived and died a better man.

[Yankee Blade.]

The Madison and Indianapolis has declared a dividend of five per cent out of the earnings of the road for the six months ending 31st, December leaving a large surplus. The receipts thus far in January are largely in advance of last year.

Peasuts are raised in immense quantities in Virginia. One county in the State (Isle of Wight), realizes annually, by their sale two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

'Hallow there, how do you sell woe? By the cord?' 'Pshaw: how long has it been out 'Four feet? 'How dumb!—I mean how long has it been since you cut it? 'No longer than it is now.' 'See here, old fellow, you are too all-fired bright to live long.'

The Union likens the Democratic party to a compound of 'fragments.'

The New Orleans Delta compares its harmony to that of 'sixteen cent castles tied in a meal bag.'

The Buffalo Republic avers that the Compromiss Democracy are 'a faction of hybirds.'

GOING AHEAD.—Capt. Kennedy, Chief Engineer of the Marietta and Cincinnati Road, has just returned from the east, where he has contracted for seven first class locomotives the last of which is to arrive at Chillicothe by midsummer. Four of these are to be made by the celebrated House of Norris & Co., Philadelphia, Locomotive makers for his highness, Nicholas, the Czar of Russia. The company are going ahead at a fine pace.

A boy some 12 years of age rode from Dedham to Boston, on the truck frame of one of the cars, a few days since, and upon reaching Boston crawled out from under the car, and coolly asked the conductor where the places of the most interest in the city were situated.

A telegraph despatch from Mobile, mentions a rumor that the Postmaster of the city is a defaulter to amount of \$25,000.

The Chinese do everything different from other people. We have a 'jack' for pulling the boot from the foot; the 'Flower Land' people on the contrary, have an instrument for pulling the man from the boot. Having first placed the brogan in a vice, they apply a yoke-shaped lever to your neck, and this is worked by a self-acting wheel that only stops its action when your boot or head comes off. Ingenious isn't it?

QUEER FREAK.—A gentleman from Lucas county has shown us a piece of kidney fat, which was found in the body of a sheep that is a curiosity. It resembles the left hand of a young child in shape. The four fingers are distinct, and the thumb puts out from the proper place wonderfully like a human hand. The article is no hump, as is evident from an inspection, but a veritable and singular freak of nature.

There are 40 Rappings' lunatics in the Ohio State Asylum.

The barber's bill for shaving Howitt and Saul, before their execution, was \$25.

The Cotton Gin.—The only gin that ever did a people any good.

The import of guano in the United States during 1852 amounted to over 1,000 tons.

The Boston Transcript says that fifty applications for divorce are now entered on the docket of the Supreme Court.

Norwels, which in England sell for \$7.50, are afforded in this country for 50 cents.

Six thousand and six hundred immigrants arrived at New York during the month of January.

Laborers are getting \$1.50 a day on the Illinois Central Railroad, and the same price on the Cairo levees.

'Hard enough,' said Sam, 'just as you've got this nice farm paid for. Your boy'll raise the devil with it when you are gone.'

'Oh—Oh!'

'What's the matter?'

'Oh, such a pain shot through me!'

'Hain't you got something on your mind that you want to say—pretty soon? That last horse you sold for a cult was as old as a man, you know.'

'Oh, no Sam, I've nothing to say—that is I've got so much to say, that it's no use to try.'

'Sam!'

'What?'